

The Weekly Chronicle.

COUNTY OFFICIALS.

County Judge	Robt. Mays
Sheriff	T. J. Driver
Clerk	A. M. Kelsey
Treasurer	C. L. Phillips
Commissioners	A. S. Blowers
	D. S. Kinsey
	W. H. Whipple
Assessor	J. B. Ford
Surveyor	C. L. Gilbert
Superintendent of Public Schools	W. H. Butts
Coroner	W. H. Butts

STATE OFFICIALS.

Governor	W. P. Lord
Secretary of State	H. R. Kincaid
Treasurer	Phillip Metcalf
Sup. of Public Instruction	G. M. Irwin
Attorney-General	C. M. Tideman
Senators	G. W. McBride
	J. H. Mitchell
	B. Hermann
Congressmen	W. R. Ellis
State Printer	W. H. Leeds

Weekly Clubbing Rates.

Chronicle and Oregonian	\$2 25
Chronicle and Examiner	2 25
Chronicle and Tribune	1 75
Chronicle and N. Y. World	2 00

CONCERNING LIGHTS.

One of the questions agitating the Dalles public mind just now is, can the city afford electric lights? We think the question is wrongly worded. It should be: "Can The Dalles afford to be without electric lights?" The answer is in the negative almost unanimously. The city can be lighted for less than \$2,000 a year, and the property owners, let alone others, cannot afford to have the city in darkness for that sum. Our citizens subscribe liberally for almost any proposition. A thousand dollars was raised for the firemen's tournament, a like sum, or more, has been subscribed for the fair. The Commercial Club is expending money enough on its rooms to light the city two years. These things show that it is not for the lack of money that the city remains in darkness. What is it then? Simply lack of enterprise and energy.

The Commercial Club was formed for the purpose of advancing the city's interest, and it has done much. It could do much more, and it could aid materially in the lighting of the city. We do not mean to convey the idea that the club should pay the bills, but it could take hold of the matter in such a way that the balance of the money necessary to be raised to pay for the lights could be procured. As an advertisement of our town the lights would be worth more than their entire cost. The cost of three cigars a week to 100 men would light the city, and divided among the voting population of the city, it would mean \$2 each per year, or a trifle over fifteen cents each per month. And yet fifteen cents a month seems to be too rich for our blood.

The city council report about \$1200 could be made available for lighting purposes. This would leave \$600 to be raised outside. It ought to be done. The Dalles is a live, wide awake town, does more business than any place of its size on the coast, and yet in some things, and notably in the matter of lights, it permits itself to be a back number, and goes to sleep, from necessity, at sundown. We believe in municipal economy, in getting out and keeping out of debt; but we do not believe in that kind of economy that costs more than it saves.

If The Dalles is to hold its prestige as a commercial center, it must let its light shine by night as well as by day.

The supreme court of the state of Washington has declared the mortgage law of that state unconstitutional. The law provided for a stay of execution, and prevented sale of the property for a year after judgment. It was declared unconstitutional on several grounds, one of which was that it was retro-active, and another that it impairs the obligations of contracts, and is therefore in violation of Section 10, Article 1, of the constitution of the United States. Populist legislatures in endeavoring to correct what they considered evils, have generally over-shot the mark, and grasping at too much, caught nothing. Any legislature can make a law, but it takes lawyers, after all, to pass upon it when made. It is on the principle that fools make feasts and wise men eat them.

Assistant Secretary of the Navy Roosevelt has been talking to get newspaper notoriety, and for no

other purpose. His assertion that war between the United States and Spain is inevitable was made for no other purpose than to make Roosevelt the subject of newspaper comment. He talks too much, anyway, even if what he said were true, and should be asked to step back into the walks of private life, which his talents so well qualify him to adorn.

A SECOND THOUGHT.

It was altogether proper, as it was quite in accord with the open and frank nature of Mr. Geer, that he should write to Mr. Moores, congratulating him upon his appointment to the land office at Oregon City. Mr. Geer was not willing to take that office away from his friend, who had made application for it, and whom Mr. Geer, with many others, had recommended for it. Something, indeed, it is to see that fidelity and honor still exist among men. Here is an example that "Hon. Ike" Patterson might study, though perhaps not with profit; for "Hon. Ike" seems to be the type of politician on whom moral lessons are wasted.—Oregonian.

Mr. Geer's letter congratulating Mr. Moores was quite the proper thing, and was written, as all Mr. Geer's articles are written, very prettily. It is indeed noticeable when one politician stands up for his promises and his pledges as Mr. Geer has done for Mr. Moores. The Oregonian thinks this course manly, honorable and otherwise adverbially correct. So do we. It would have been more manly, however, if Mr. Geer had not taken the matter under advisement, had not put the matter in the hands of "his friends." It seems strange that it took Mr. Geer a week or two to remember that he had recommended Mr. Moores for the place and to discover that he could not accept it on that account. That excuse was sufficient, but it was an excuse that should have suggested itself instantly, instead of requiring the thought of a fortnight and the assistance of "friends" to establish.

As for Mr. Patterson, we know nothing of him, but suggest that if he need any "moral lessons," taking them second-handed through Mr. Geer from the Oregonian-Corbett Republican push, will soon give him an education in that line that will make him a drawing card in a dime museum.

The high moral business was not Mr. Geer's idea, that thought was furnished him by "his friends." Mr. Geer's reason for declining he gives frankly. He wanted the customs office, and he felt that he was sidetracked to a minor position. That was all, and that was true. He thought his reward was not sufficient. Recognizing his hard work for the party, this may be true, but true or not, his reason for declining the land office was that it was not large enough for him.

The Oregonian thinks with Mr. Geer the office too small, so does the Oregonian-Corbett push. It did not always think so, neither did Mr. Geer. Only a year or two ago Mr. Geer made a strong effort to be appointed superintendent of the reform school. Governor Lord had the making of the appointment, and the Oregonian-Corbett push could have gotten the office for him simply for the asking. The salary of that office is \$1500 a year, but Mr. Geer's "friends" thought this office too large for him, and turned him down.

Mr. Geer is to the "push" but a wedge for the purpose of separating Senator Mitchell's friends, the Oregonian being the man, with which Scott himself is striking such vigorous blows that the wedge is rapidly being driven out of sight.

TOO BIG TO SPANK.

Some of the European powers do not like the idea of American interference in Cuban affairs, or the proposition to annex Hawaii. A few German papers intimate that this country will get a severe drubbing if it does not attend to its own business. They do not seem to realize that interfering in the Cuban affair is our business, and ours only. The same might be said of Hawaii. As for the drubbing, it only serves to amuse Americans to hear the loud noises the little fellows make. They might as well understand at once that a war with America is like an American duel, somebody gets killed

in it. This country does not seek a war, but if forced into it, it will go at it as a business matter. We have no ocean commerce to lose, and outside of a few sea ports that might be bombarded, there is nothing a foreign enemy could hurt or take, and as for a foreign army coming here to fight us on our own soil, all the ships of the world could not bring them fast enough to keep the spectators interested. Besides, before our ports were blockaded a year the balance of the world would be starved to death, and England, Germany, France and the rest of the powers, except Austria and Russia, would have all they could do to suppress the food riots at home.

Uncle Samuel will never be spanked by any foreign power. He is too old and too big.

George W. McCoy of Portland, known in this section as that Wapinitia ditch builder, and several other Portland gentlemen, have formed a corporation with headquarters at Portland. It is known as the Alaska-Klondike Mining & Exploration Co. It is capitalized at \$5,000,000, its capital stock being divided into 5,000,000 shares of the par value of \$1 each. The magnitude of the company is only exceeded by the range and scope of its objects. It will operate "anywhere in the world," and its objects, or some of them, are to "purchase, build and operate mines, railroads, telegraph and telephone lines, canals, ditches and airships, and to plant orchards." And all this, just think of it! is to be managed by Portland people. Surely Portland is awaking.

There has been much building at Skaguay, and the boomers have heralded to the world that it is soon to be a city of 20,000 inhabitants. The boom is over, the disgusted and disheartened visionaries who struggled vainly with the Skaguay trail, are returning to civilization to wait until spring before again attempting the trip. It is not possible that the Skaguay or Dyea trails are the best that can be made into the Yukon. The Stuckee route, the Dalton trail, or some other, will be opened and will catch the main portion of such travel as does not take the cheap and easy way of getting in by way of St. Michaels. Skaguay has had its boom, and will retire from business.

The Duchess of Marlborough, daughter of W. K. Vanderbilt and his wife, now Mrs. Belmont, recently gave birth to an heir, a bouncing boy. The event caused quite a commotion in select circles, and the Prince of Wales himself volunteered by telegraph to stand godfather to the dukulet. The dispatches state that the family were much worried at the coming event, but that the case took the normal course. It would seem from this that because the granddaughter of the old Harleem boatman had become, through purchase, instead of descent, a duchess, the usual order of events would be reversed and that there would be a Gargantua or a Pantagruel. Nit.

The principal occupation of the news-gatherers for the Associated Press seems to be to get up sensational news regardless of truth. The latest exploit is the assertion that Japan is sending well-drilled soldiers to Honolulu, disguised as laborers, with the intention of capturing the islands. The navy department has ordered the gunboat Waeleing to Honolulu, which probably suggested the story.

James J. Corbett makes the statement that Fitzsimmons did not get a cent of the stake money in the big fight at Carson. He asserts that Fitz made the proposition to fight and take fifteen per cent of the yerscope receipts as his reward. Corbett seems to be proud of this, but we see no particular glory in the fact that Fitzsimmons whipped him for fun.

Austria thinks that in case the United States and Spain should go to war, she would stand in with Spain. This is startling news indeed. Austria is a back number, and as far as helping Spain is concerned could do nothing. Shut off from the ocean, she would have to

use airships to get her soldiers out, and her money would be the only thing she could aid Spain with. The next thing the Associated Press will have joining forces against this country will be Sierra Leone or Liberia.

A CLASS IN GEOLOGY.

Its Study Conducive to the Parents' Happiness and Joy.

Miss Hill, who has charge of the class in geology, had her pupils out Friday afternoon, examining into the condition and quality of the earth's epidermis in this vicinity.

Geology is, no doubt, a very interesting study, but it is cruelty to the old folks to have the youngsters come home at night and ask unanswerable questions about plagioclase and orthoclase rocks, trichite feldspar, and run a string of queries off their tongues into one's ears concerning the difference between granite, syenite and gneiss. Between porphyry and quartzite; serpentine and olivine, and all that sort of thing. And then to go to inquiring of the old man, just as though he had personal recollection of those days, about the laurentian rocks, the carboniferous epoch and how the ichthyosaurus and the pterodactyl looked, and how coal beds were formed, and how the plesiosaurus and the megatherium lived, and how their remains came to be preserved among the sedimentary rocks.

And then when this branch of the subject makes the old man wonder how he managed to live in such a state of ignorance, to branch the subject off into dynamic geology and make a few inquiries concerning the crinkling of the earth's surface along the lines of least resistance, the creation of mountain chains thereby, the cause of volcanoes, subsidence of the land, or elevation thereof until the sea beaches are found far inland. And among all these things fire in a few questions about agate, jasper, opal, chert, Lydian stone, chalcodony, carnelian and all the varieties of colloid or cryptocrystalline quartz, and want to know what porphyritic and amygdaloidal mean.

It's all nice for the old man as he feels his way carefully along through the pleasant paths of the science from the old Devonian sandstones up to the basalts and clinkstones, wondering all the time how much the measly kid knows, and trembling in his boots all the time until with a smile, like a saurian and eyes as bright as opals, the bifurcated interrogation point asks if he can't go and play awhile and have two-bits to assist in the game. He is allowed to go with a hearty God-speed, and the onliest quarter.

Geology is a nice thing, and we anxiously await the day when our son and heir will know more about the matter than his dad, which should occur some time this month.

THE ROBBERS CAUGHT.

As Usual, a Woman's Curiosity Gets in Its Deadly Work.

The robbers who held up the O. R. & N. passenger Saturday night were caught Monday in Portland through the curiosity and intuition of a woman, Mrs. James R. Hamilton, at whose house the men lodged.

They had been rooming in the house a day or two when Mrs. Hamilton, in moving the bed, discovered a "box" under it, with the caution mark, "dangerous, handle with care" on it. This, of course, excited her curiosity and examining the box she found it contained what she supposed to be dynamite. Then, of course, she looked further and in one of the bureau drawers found two new repeating shotguns done up in paper and two big revolvers.

When the robbery occurred, she at once connected these men with it, and giving the information to the detectives, the men were arrested. Then it was found that they had hired a one-horse rig at a livery stable the night of the robbery, taking it out at 5 o'clock in the evening and returning at 11. In the buggy was found a purse containing a \$5 gold piece, and engineer Evans identified the purse as being the one taken from him by the robbers.

There is no doubt but that the right men have been caught, and Mrs. Hamilton will get the \$250 reward offered by the O. R. & N. for the arrest and conviction of the robbers.

If there is a lodger in Portland now who has anything he desires kept secret, he had better get a move on and hide it, for there will be an overhauling of lodgers property in the next few days that will make a spring house cleaning ashamed of itself.

Attempts the Impossible.

Monday night about 8 o'clock as the editor of the Times-Mountaineer was coming down town from his home, smiling inwardly as he thought of the big crops and consequent growing subscription list and increased advertising; as he thus communed with himself and applied a gentle suction to a two-for-a-quarter cigar, he was suddenly aroused from his reverie as he passed the Pease & Mays implement warehouse, on the corner of Second and Laughlin, by a big fellow, who had evidently been leaning against the building, suddenly lurching forward and grabbing

**The WORLD'S BEST BOW**  
And the World's most friendly smile are always ready for the well-dressed man. There's no mistake about this. Energy may miss its mark. Talent may go begging. Virtue itself may die of neglect. But there is always a welcome and measure of success for good clothes. If you wish to test this bit of Philosophy, just order one of the elegant suits of

**M. BORN & Co.**  
THE GREAT Chicago Merchant Tailors  
Whose productions are noted everywhere for choice material, neat fit and finish, and perfect up-to-date style. A "BORN" suit of clothes is a passport to the World's friendship!  
A PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.  
800 Selected Patterns to order from.  
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him by the collar, at the same time saying "Hold on!" Don't it didn't "hold on" worth a cent, but on the contrary, let go with his right, catching the disturber of his dreams in the neck and knocking him off the sidewalk. Then the editor took up the broken thread of his dream and perambulated his perignations down to his sanctum.

The man was evidently a stranger or drunk, else why should he attempt to rob an editor? Most of us would gladly give an expert pickpocket or highwayman an opportunity to go through our pockets, and divide if anything was found.

More of the Wreck.

From Mr. G. M. Bullard, who was one of the brakemen on the freight train wrecked near the John Day Monday morning, we learn that Engineer Johnston was not killed outright but lived for perhaps an hour or more. When the wreck occurred Bullard hastened to the engine and found Johnston first. Seeing nothing could be done for him, and hearing Hackman groaning he went to his assistance, but finding he was fastened in the wreck in such a manner that he could not get him out here turned to Johnston. The latter on his approach asked him who he was, and receiving a reply said, "Where is Billy?" "Go and help Billy; you can do nothing for me."

Some one had started a fire to get light and Bullard wanted to carry Johnston out to it, but at his request placed him on the ground. He tried to tell Bullard something about his breast being hurt, but could not make himself understood and in less than five minutes from that time expired. Johnston's right leg was cut off near the ankle; the left arm was severed and the left leg was a pulp from the ankle half way to the knee. Besides this there were two bad cuts in his head.

Brakeman McCarthy jumped through the window to the left, and his escape was miraculous as he was struck in the back by the tank, and was surrounded by wreckage. McCarthy's watch stopped at 12:27 which was probably the time the accident occurred.

Coroner's Inquest.

THE DALLES, Sept. 27, 1897.  
The undersigned, impaneled by W. H. Batts, coroner of Wasco county, Oregon, as a jury to inquire into the cause of the death of one Charles W. Johnston, whose body is now before us, having heard the testimony of the witnesses sworn by said coroner, find as follows: That the deceased came to his death on Sept. 27, 1897, at about the hour of 12:30, while in charge of the O. R. & N. train No. 24, bound east, and at the time of his death was engineer, and in charge of the locomotive pulling said train; that the place of the accident was near the John Day section house, located on the O. R. & N. Co.'s line, about thirty-seven miles east of The Dalles, Or.

We further find from the evidence that the cause of the accident was the derailing of the engine by sand accumulating on the track, and thereby throwing the engine from the rails, the engine immediately after such derailment capsizing and crushing the deceased beneath it.

C. F. STEPHENS,  
I. J. NORMAN,  
H. RICE,  
F. J. CLARKE,  
D. S. DUFUR.

A Rich Treat Is Promised.

To the Oregon State Fair for 1897,—September 30th to October 8th—the O. R. & N. Co. will sell tickets at one fare rates for round trip from all points on their lines in Oregon.

You will be entertained from morning until night. No time to rest. Liberal prizes offered for all kinds of sports, such as baseball, tug-of-war, chopping contests, foot races, hammer throw, shot put, and various other sports in charge of a competent committee. Don't overlook the date and the cheap railroad rate of on fare for the round trip.  
Popular admission of 25 cents.

For Rent.

The Doc Lee ranch on High Prairie, Klickitat county. 560 acres fenced and 250 acres in cultivation. All capable of cultivation. Will rent for a term of years on easy terms to the right party. Call on or address, F. H. Rowe, The Dalles, Oregon. a21-wtf.

DANGER IN GETTING SHAVED.

Barbers Ought to Wash Their Hands and Their Implements.  
The proposition to make a more careful man of the tonsorial artist, in so far as relates to the transmission of disease from his infected to his well clients, is not a new one. The subject has been written upon by several earnest men before Heinrich Berger, whose "Hygiene in den Barbierstuben" recently appeared in Leipzig. No writer has, however, seemed to go so deeply into the question and lay down such strict rules for the knight of the shaving knife. We are told that he must be a person free from epilepsy and all manner of seizures, drunkenness and infectious diseases.

Being free from these affections himself, he may give professional attention to all persons, including those under the influence, or those likely to have a fit in the chair, provided they are free from skin, hair and sexual diseases of an infectious nature. Otherwise they are to be treated at home with their own implements. The author gives a number of other rules which are in themselves and so far as they go good—if barbers could be prevailed upon to follow them—but he does not sufficiently insist upon the necessity of boiling to the point of sterilization his instruments, towels, sponges and especially his own hands.

There are many things besides the so-called barber's itch which may be transmitted in uncleanly shaving and hairdressing, and of which the public knows little or nothing. Favus is decidedly on the increase in this country, and the number of children turned away from the cities' schools for this cause since the inspection innovation went into effect would greatly surprise those who think of favus as a European or foreign affection.

Attention has recently been called by a member of the New York Dermatological society to the danger of the epilating tweezers used in barber shops. Ingrowing hairs and those attended by suppurative inflammation, as in acne, are extracted, and the next corner is operated upon without adequate and usually without any cleansing at all of the instrument. Certain rules should be adopted, if possible, by barbers in general to protect their patrons from dangers which are more real than imaginary. Above all, they should remember that scrupulous cleanliness of implements and hands is the first requisite, and the advice now being given to surgeons to "boil their hands" applies almost equally to them. At the least they could give a little wash between each "next" for the mere sake of appearance and in the interest of business, if for nothing else.—Medical Record.

American Beauty Roses.

The discoverer of the American beauty rose was a man named Field, who had charge of the white house conservatories in the time of President Grant. One day Field went in the greenhouse attached to the residence of Bancroft, the historian, where he saw a rose of unusual beauty and size, which the man in charge said had sprung from a German cutting. Field bought the bush for five dollars, and a few years later sold all the cuttings and plants from the bush for \$5,000 and bought real estate near Washington that ten years ago was sold for \$50,000, and is now probably worth a good deal more than then.

Telling Time Without a Watch.  
The following clever device is the way in which the natives of Liberia, in West Africa, who have no clocks, tell the time: They take the kernels from the nuts of the candle tree and wash and string them on the rib of a palm leaf. The first, or top, kernel is then lighted. All of the kernels are of the same size and substance, and each will burn a certain number of minutes, and then set fire to the one next below.

Big Subscription.

Shortly after the Paris fire the Figaro of that city opened a subscription for the benefit of the sufferers. This subscription in a short time amounted to the sum of \$222,800.

How America Was Named.  
Vespucci himself must not be held responsible for the usurpation. The unconscious criminal was a certain Martin Waldseemüller, of Fribourg, an eminent cosmographer patronized by Rene, duke of Lorraine. The duke probably showed a letter of Vespucci's to his geographical friend, who incorporated its contents with the treatise which he was issuing under the assumed name of "Hylenomyias" and, as these publications had a wide circulation, the use of the name America thus became propagated throughout the world.—Scribner's.

Don't forget the grand opening of fall and winter millinery at Mrs. Briggs' parlors Thursday afternoon and evening. If you miss it, you will have cause for regret.